AANANDHA SAPTAKAMU

English Translation

-By Kamanuru Kiran Kumar

PART I

For the past four years, Anand had been working in an organization in Gorakhpur. As he did every year, in 2005 he came home for a week's leave. On the first day after coming home, he was very happy. The following day, however, he told Mother that he had a slight headache. Mother told me about it, and I said that if Anand needed to be taken to a hospital, she should tell me and I would take him.

Mother asked Anand, ***"You said you have a headache. Shall we go to the hospital?"*** Anand replied that he had already shown himself at a hospital in Gorakhpur and that they had given him medicines for the headache. He said he was still taking those medicines and had brought them home with him, so there was no need to go to a hospital. Mother told me this.

Anand spent the rest of his leave with the headache. We called him two or three times and asked him to come to the hospital, but for some reason he did not pay attention to what we said. We also did not force him and remained silent.

On the night of **Friday, June 17, 2005**, I could not sleep properly. Anand's health had not been good since Tuesday, June 14, with a severe headache. Therefore, I was also asked to accompany Anand to Gorakhpur. I had never seen Gorakhpur before, and I agreed to go with Anand, thinking that at least now I could see the place.

At about midnight, the alarm woke me while I was sleeping upstairs. I slowly came downstairs and knocked on the door. Mother opened it and said, ***"There is still time; why don't you lie down for a little while and then leave?"*** I replied that if I got ready then, the timing would be right.

After finishing my preparations, I went to Alankar Centre looking for an auto-rickshaw. An auto arrived at about the same time, but the driver demanded ₹30. I went to the RTC Centre, where another driver also asked ₹30. Since I did not want to waste time, I hired the first auto.

It was around 1:00 or 1:30 a.m. on Saturday, **June 18, 2005**. Anand was already ready. I went inside, took the bags, and came out. Mother gave Anand his identity card and money. Anand said, ***"Don't give them to me; give them to my brother."*** At that time Father was asleep after **drinking heavily**. Anand and I then left.

Unexpectedly, our aunt Sulochana met us while she was on her way to relieve herself. We both sat in the auto that was waiting near the electric pole in front of our lane. Mother came toward us, said something, and went back into the house.

We travelled through Kondadibba, the Potti Sriramulu statue, Gachchu Caluva, Nagarajam Provisions and the Collector's Office, and reached the Gandhi statue. The auto driver asked whether he should go via the Lassi Centre or via Kanaka Mahal. I asked him to go via Kanaka Mahal. The auto stopped in front of the railway station. Anand paid the driver ₹30.

When we entered the railway station, I said that I did not have a ticket and needed to buy one. Anand was surprised: "You don't have a ticket?" He handed me his bag, took the money I had, and himself bought a general ticket to Gorakhpur.

We sat on a vacant bench on Platform No. 2. For some reason, we remained silent until the train arrived. After some time an announcement said that the Baroni Express, which we were to board, was running late. Shortly afterward a Bokaro Express arrived, stopped and left. After waiting longer, the announcement for the Baroni Express was made.

At that time Anand had his eyes closed. I told him that our train had been announced. He asked me for the train number. I answered, "522..." He immediately stood up, saying that this was our train. We went to one side and waited.

The Baroni Express arrived. Anand had a reserved ticket. I asked him for the coach and seat number, but he could not clearly tell me. Meanwhile, a T.C. came down from a reserved coach on the left and called us. When we went to him, he asked Anand whether he was Venkateswara. Anand replied that he was Anand. The T.C. asked to see the ticket. After seeing it, he said***, "This train has already gone."***

At that moment two people came running from behind us. The T.C. gestured to them to hurry, and they boarded the moving train. I asked Anand doubtfully, "Is it really true that the train we were supposed to board has already left?" Anand confidently confirmed that it was the train we had to board.

Anand kept walking here and there, apparently wanting to urinate, and tried to open the door of the coach in front of us. He woke a Hindi-speaking passenger who was sleeping there and spoke to him about something. The passenger said, "Maalum nahin" (I don't know). Meanwhile the train began moving. We finally boarded the same coach.

PART II

I had only a general ticket, while Anand had a reservation ticket. We had nevertheless entered a reserved coach. Anand may have thought that we could sit in some seat temporarily and later find our reserved seats.

We walked toward the southern side of the coach looking for a seat. On the left we saw two double seats facing each other. From the left door (the southern door), they were the third row, seats 16 and 17. By the time we sat down, we were crossing the Pennar River.

Anand and I sat facing each other. I asked him, "Are these our reserved seats?" He said that our seats were in the coach in front of this one and that he would go and check. He walked toward the northern side (right side), but returned within a few seconds because many people were sleeping on the floor and it was difficult to move through them. When I asked why he had come back, he said that the T.C. would come and show us our seats and there was no need for us to struggle.

I arranged the two bags we had brought. Anand had looked unusually dull since we boarded. I knew he was not well, but I did not pay much attention. Anand sat cross-legged on the northern side with his eyes closed.

After a few minutes I told him, "You are not well. Lie down." As soon as I said that, he lay down and asked me also to stretch my legs toward the north, with my head toward the south. We both lay silently for a few minutes.

After some time Anand suddenly got up with a start. He handed his reservation ticket to me, silently went forward, opened the door on the left, and stood there. I put the ticket in my pocket and followed him, standing beside him.

For some reason Anand kept putting his head outside the train and looking from side to side. I thought he might be looking for an opportunity to return to his seat when the train stopped at a station, so I also stayed there with him. I noticed that Anand's eyes looked extremely red and intense, as if he were thinking deeply about something. It seemed that he had some pain in his mind that he could not express. I also noticed tears in his eyes. I did not understand what it meant then. I thought that anyone standing near the door could have red eyes because of wind and dust, so I did not take it seriously.

I wanted to talk casually with Anand just to pass the time. The train stopped, perhaps at Konda Bitragunta or a similar station where granite loading and unloading takes place. I tried to speak to him, but Anand did not respond.

PART III

I went back and sat in my seat. After a while I went to Anand again and stood with him near the door. I asked, "How much more time will it take to reach Ongole?" Anand immediately replied, ***"Two hours."***

I stayed there for a short time and returned to my seat. After some time I went back to Anand and stood beside him near the door. Anand told me, ***"You go, arrange everything and sleep. I will come back."*** I reluctantly replied, "How can I sleep at this time?" and returned to my seat.

I did not understand why he was asking me to go away. I thought perhaps he was thinking about something personal and that I should not disturb him. I trusted that he would come back on his own.

After a while I went near him again, but instead of standing at the same eastern door, I went to the opposite western door, opened it and stood there for some time. I watched Anand. He had both hands raised and was holding tightly onto the two pipes in front of the door, the pipes used for boarding the train. He seemed to be thinking very seriously about something.

I thought of speaking to him once more, but I felt that he might become serious if I disturbed him. Trusting that he would come by himself, I returned to my seat.

After sitting in my seat for some time, I fell asleep. When I woke up, Anand had still not returned. I went to the door where he had been standing and looked. ***Anand was not there.*** I was shocked.

There was a vacant seat beside the door where Anand had been standing. I wondered whether he might be sitting there, but another person was lying on that seat. Anand was neither standing near the door nor sitting in that seat. I began wondering where he could have gone.

PART IV

My mind became numb. I trusted Anand and had complete faith in him. But when I began thinking about what might have happened at that time, thousands of thoughts came into my mind. My heart began pounding and fear took over.

I wondered:
1. Had Anand got down somewhere while I was sleeping, perhaps when the train slowed?
2. Had he gone into another coach and fallen asleep there?
3. Had he attempted suicide?

I searched several coaches, but could not find Anand. Suddenly I remembered the toilet. I went there and saw that the light was on and the door was locked. I thought Anand might be inside and waited there for some time.

At the same time, I saw the railway board for ***Singarayakonda*** through the window. That meant the train was passing Singarayakonda. The person inside the toilet did not come out for a long time. I thought that if it was Anand, he would eventually come to me, so I returned to my seat.

I slept again for a while. The train stopped at Ongole and then started again. Anand still did not come to me. The train stopped at one station after another and moved on. I became angry with Anand and wondered why he had done this.

Suddenly three thoughts came to me: perhaps he had got down somewhere while I was asleep; perhaps he was sleeping in another coach without telling me; or perhaps he had tried to commit suicide.

There were no strong reasons for Anand to do such a thing. There had been no quarrels at home, no financial problems, no mental problems known to us, and no personal problems. As far as we knew, Anand had no problems at home, outside, or at the place where he worked.

Of these three possibilities, I thought the third one could not be true. Anand was not a coward who would commit suicide. He was very intelligent and could solve even a major problem quickly.

I remembered that in the year 2000 our childhood friend Sudhakar, also known as Chinni, had committed suicide. Anand had strongly criticized him and had always opposed suicide. So how could someone like Anand have done such a thing? Although the doubt came to me, I remained confident that nothing like that had happened.

At that time the train was approaching ***Vijayawada.***

PART V

The train stopped at Vijayawada between about ***5:45 and 6:25 a.m. on Saturday, June 18, 2005.*** I felt somewhat relieved because the train normally remained at Vijayawada for a while, giving me enough opportunity to search for Anand.

I brushed my teeth and waited, believing that wherever Anand was—even if he was asleep—he would wake up at this time to brush or have breakfast and would come to me. However, no matter how long I waited, Anand did not come. The train started moving again.

If Anand had still been on the train, I believed that under no circumstances would he fail to come to me. I therefore became convinced that he was not on the train. I was under tremendous pressure, tension and fear. I thought of getting down at Vijayawada.

But then I thought: if I get down and Anand is still on the train, what will happen to him? I had the bags and money with me.

At that moment two railway policemen wearing the railway-police uniform entered my coach. I immediately told them what had happened.

I showed them Anand's identity card and reservation ticket and told them that my younger brother had disappeared from Singarayakonda. Everyone sitting there heard our conversation. I pointed to the man sitting in the seat beside the door where Anand had stood and told the policemen that this man had also been there at that time.

The railway police questioned him about my brother. He said that before he sat in that seat, he had seen Anand standing near the door, but he did not know what happened after he fell asleep.

The policemen asked whether I knew which direction my brother might have gone. I said he might have gone toward the southern side. They told me to go and search once, while they would remain there.

I left our bags, Anand's reservation ticket and identity card with them and went to search. I searched the entire coach on the southern side, but Anand was nowhere to be found.

When I reported this, they asked me to search toward the northern side. I said I did not think my brother would have gone that way, but they insisted that I search once. One policeman accompanied me. We searched together, but Anand was not there either.

I told them that I wanted to telephone home and asked whether they could arrange a phone. They found a woman and obtained a phone for me, but the charge was too low and I could not call home.

The policemen told me that the train would stop at Khammam and that I should get down there, quickly search the entire second-class coach, and return to our coach. One policeman came with me.

When the train stopped at Khammam, we got down and searched the entire second-class coach. Anand was not there. When we were getting back into our coach, the train began moving.

We remained in the second-class coach. The policeman said that the next important stop would be Dornakal and that we would get down there and return to our coach. At Dornakal the train slowed/stopped briefly but did not make a proper halt. I wanted to get down, but the policeman warned me not to jump from a moving train.

He said the next station was Warangal and that the train would definitely stop there. While we were travelling, I told him everything that had happened concerning Anand.

The policeman advised me, ***"Get down at Warangal and give a complaint to the RPF. If they do not take the complaint, go to Vijayawada and give it there."***

After some time the train reached Warangal.

PART VI

After getting down at Warangal, we went back to the coach in which we had been travelling. The two policemen asked me, ***"Your brother is not on this train. What do you want to do now?"***

I said that I would continue on the same train to Gorakhpur and tell the authorities at Anand's workplace what had happened.

The first question they asked was, ***"Do you know Gorakhpur?"*** I said that I had never been there. They replied that if I did not know Gorakhpur, there was no point in going there and told me to get down immediately.

They asked me to write down my address and telephone number. I gave them the details. One of the railway policemen got down with me and came to an STD booth on the platform. He told me to call home and inform them.

I tried calling home, but the line was engaged. I tried again and again—three more times—but could not get through. Meanwhile the train began to move from Warangal. The policeman said goodbye and left.

I went to the railway police station at Warangal and explained what had happened. They did not take my complaint. They said, ***"You are saying that your brother disappeared from Singarayakonda, so you should give the complaint at the Vijayawada railway police station, not here."***

With nothing else to do, I came outside the station to buy a ticket to Vijayawada. I found an STD booth outside.

This time my call home went through. Mother answered. I told her that I could not find Anand from Singarayakonda. Mother said, ***"Why did we send you? Wasn't it so that you would look after Anand?"*** I told her that I was buying a ticket to Vijayawada and would call again after reaching there, and ended the call.

It was about 10:00 or 10:30 a.m. I bought a ticket to Vijayawada and boarded the train.

After reaching Vijayawada, I again told the RPF what had happened. They said, ***"This is not the place where you should give the complaint. Since Ongole is the main station for Singarayakonda, go to Ongole railway station and give the complaint to the RPF there."***

I came outside the station and called home. Mother answered and then gave the phone to Father. I told Father what had happened and that I had been advised to give a complaint at Ongole RPF.

I said I was going to buy a ticket to Ongole. Father told me not to go to Ongole and to come home instead; he would go to Ongole and make enquiries himself.

I agreed. Instead of taking a ticket to Ongole, I bought a railway ticket to Nellore and returned home. I reached Nellore between about 10:45 and 11:25 p.m.

PART VII

After reaching home, I told Mother everything that had happened. I said that Anand had disappeared from Singarayakonda and might have got down there. Mother told me to go to Singarayakonda early the next morning.

I told Mother that I had not eaten anything since morning. She reminded me that she had packed chapatis, pulihora and vadas for me to eat on the train. I said that because I was tense about not finding my younger brother, I had not eaten them. Mother served me rice, and I ate. At that time only Mother was at home; Father was probably in Ongole.

I slept that night and woke at about 6:00 a.m. on Sunday, June 19, 2005. I went to the Nellore RTC bus stand and boarded a bus to Singarayakonda. The bus went via Kavali and dropped me at Singarayakonda.

I had never been to Singarayakonda before; this was my first visit. I came out of the bus stand and had breakfast. I asked the woman at the tiffin shop how to get to the railway station. She told me that if I went a little further ahead, there would be a vegetable market on the eastern side, and through that lane I could reach the Singarayakonda railway station. I followed her directions.

I entered the Singarayakonda railway station and searched, hoping Anand might be there. I could not find him anywhere. Thinking he might be somewhere around the station, I walked southward along a small mud road beside the railway track on the eastern side.

After walking some distance, I saw a railway gate. Two railway employees were inside the gate operating room. I told them, ***"My younger brother and I were travelling by train, and I could not find him from Singarayakonda. I think he may have got down here. Have you seen him anywhere around this place?"***

One of them asked what colour shirt my brother was wearing. I answered, "A green T-shirt." He thought for a while and said, "A man was sitting here earlier. He was wearing a green T-shirt just as you described. He left before you came. Your brother may be somewhere around here. Go and look quickly."

I searched the surrounding area, but Anand was nowhere to be found. I then walked toward the bus stand and called home. Mother answered and asked whether I had found Anand. I told her that I still had not found him, but the people there said he might be somewhere nearby.

I left the STD booth and went toward the Singarayakonda bus stand. I sat there for some time, thinking. I reasoned that if something had happened to Anand, it might have been reported in the newspapers.

I asked the man at the bookshop in the bus stand to let me read the newspapers. He gave me Eenadu, Vaartha and Andhra Jyothi. I quickly read the district editions of all three and returned them.

I had read the district editions because accident reports generally appear there. I did not find any report of a death or train accident. I felt somewhat relieved and thought that Anand must certainly be safe.

Then another thought came to me: if Anand was still in Singarayakonda, where had he slept the previous night? Where had he brushed his teeth in the morning? How had he eaten breakfast? He did not have much money with him. I began searching again.

I searched every lane, corner and street in Singarayakonda. I went inside the Panchayat office and asked everyone there about Anand. Whoever I asked said they did not know him.

I asked someone whether there were any places worth visiting in Singarayakonda. He said that the Sai Baba temple was very famous. I wondered whether Anand might have gone there.

I went to the Sai Baba temple and searched there too, but Anand was not found.

After leaving the Sai Baba temple and walking some distance, I found another STD booth and called home. Mother answered. I told her that I was still searching for Anand and had not found him anywhere, and that I would call again if I found him.

Mother handed the phone to Uma, a childhood friend of Anand and me. I asked Uma whether Anand had any friends in Singarayakonda. Uma said that Anand had a friend there, but he did not know the friend's name or address. He told me that if I needed to communicate by phone, I should call Sudha, another friend, rather than the home number. I also spoke to Kota, another friend.

While I was walking on the road, the railway employee whom I had met near the railway gate came to the same road to have tea. I met him again at a tea stall and we drank tea together.

As he was reading the newspaper, I told him sadly that my younger brother was still missing. He suddenly said***, "Look at this news,"*** and showed me an item in ***the main edition of the newspaper.***

The news said that a 48-year-old person had died in a train accident between Ulavapadu and Singarayakonda.

After reading it, I told him that my younger brother was only 27 years old. He said that newspapers sometimes printed such information differently. Since Anand had disappeared from Singarayakonda and the accident had occurred nearby, I became extremely tense and afraid.

To verify the news, I bought a copy of the newspaper. Seeing my tension, the shopkeeper asked what had happened. The railway employee explained the situation to him.

The railway employee then asked me to come with him. He took me to the railway gate and told the other employee, ***"I am taking this boy to Singarayakonda railway station; keep an eye on things here."***

He then left with me for the Singarayakonda railway station.

At the station, he telephoned Ongole railway station and enquired about the news published in the newspaper. He said that the dead man's brother was at Singarayakonda railway station and wanted details about the deceased.

The Ongole railway station authorities gave the following information: the deceased person appeared to be about ***27 or 28 years old***, and the body was being sent immediately to the Government Hospital at Ongole for post-mortem. If he came to Ongole, he was told to go to the Government Hospital.

When the railway employee told me this, I became convinced that **Anand had died**. I did not know what to say to him and remained silent.

He urged me to go quickly to the Ongole Government Hospital. I thanked him for all the help he had given me. I offered him ₹50 for a quarter of liquor, but he refused, saying that I was already in great distress and that it would not be right for him to take money from me. He said he would accompany me to the road and help me get a bus.

While we were waiting for a bus, we saw an STD booth. I said that I would call Mother before the bus came. The railway employee asked what I would tell her. I said that my younger brother had died. He advised me not to say that, but to tell her that Anand had been injured and was in the hospital.

I followed his advice and told Mother by phone that Anand had been injured and was in the hospital.

I told Mother to leave immediately and come to the Ongole Government Hospital. After ending the call, I telephoned Uma again. Uma had first called Sudha's number, and Sudha handed the phone to Kiran, another friend, who then gave it to me.

I told Uma, ***"Anand is no more."*** Uma remained silent for a while, apparently in shock or grief. I told him that I was going to the Ongole Government Hospital and ended the call.

A bus to Ongole arrived. The railway employee told the lady conductor to drop me near the Ongole Government Hospital. As the bus moved, he said goodbye and left.

When the bus reached the Ongole Government Hospital, the lady conductor asked whether I wanted to get down there. I said yes and got down.

It was ***Sunday, June 19, 2005***. I entered the Government Hospital opposite the bus stop and asked the hospital staff about Anand. They told me that the railway authorities had already taken the body away after the post-mortem.

From there I took an auto-rickshaw to the railway station and went to the railway police station. I explained who I was and that I had come regarding my younger brother.

At that time, however, I had not yet confirmed that the deceased person was Anand, because I had not seen the body. He might have been Anand, or he might not have been. I only had a strong suspicion. Until then, there was no certainty whether the dead person was Anand or somebody else.

The Ongole railway police asked me several details about Anand: what colour shirt and pants was he wearing? I answered that he was wearing a green T-shirt and black pants, and that the black pants had two orange stripes, one on each side.

I said that I would call Mother once more to confirm the clothing. One of the policemen gave me his mobile phone and asked me to call her from it.

Mother confirmed that Anand had been wearing a green T-shirt and black pants. She also said that she and Mallika Pedananna were coming to Ongole by bus.

I asked Mother to come directly to the railway station instead of the Government Hospital. I also called Uma, told him that I was at the police station in Ongole railway station, and handed the phone to the policeman.

Later the police showed me Anand's dead body. It had been brought from Singarayakonda and was lying outside the eastern side of the railway station, covered with plastic sheets and placed on an old rickshaw.

One of the hired labourers asked whether he should remove the covering and show the body. The police had hired two labourers to transport the body from Singarayakonda. I told him not to remove the covers until my family arrived.

After some time Uma and Sai, our friends, arrived. I explained the situation. Uma asked the labourers to remove the covering so that we could see the body.

When the cover was removed, we saw Anand's face. His abdomen had been cut and stitched, apparently as part of the post-mortem examination. There was a strong smell. Uma said that Anand's body had decomposed badly.

Mother and Mallika Pedananna arrived later. After some time Father also arrived. We were asked to remain until the Inspector of the railway police station came. During this time we were made to sign on blank sheets of paper. We were also told to pay the labourers and their customary charges. We paid the labourers and said that we would deal with the police payments separately.

The S.I. then came and asked for all the details. The police asked for Anand's pants and shirt. Mother said that we did not want to keep them and told them to take them.

Father was asked to arrange a car. Uma, Sai and I went to obtain plastic covering material so that the body could be transported without the smell escaping. Uma and Sai contributed some money. Since it was Sunday, many shops were closed.

We gave the plastic covers to the labourers and asked them to wrap the body properly. After they had done so, Father arrived with the car. Anand's body was placed in the boot of the car.

After everything was arranged, Mother began crying and wanted to see Anand's face. She asked for the plastic covers to be opened, but the owner of the car did not agree to open them.

Mother, Father, Mallika Pedananna, the driver and I then left by car with Anand's body. Uma and Sai travelled from Ongole to Nellore by bus.

The time was around 5:00 or 5:30 p.m. I was speaking with Mallika Pedananna about the fact that Father did not have money. I asked him to arrange the fare by borrowing from someone. He said that after reaching home he would ask someone, perhaps Nagaiah or Shivaiah, for the money. After some time he said, ***"There will be money from now on."*** I did not understand why he said that.

When the car reached Kavali, the rumbling of thunder became louder. As we approached the Nellore border, we bought a garland and other items. Father told the driver to take us directly to Bodigadithota, the burial ground.

Mallika Pedananna suggested that we should first take the body home, perform the coconut-breaking ritual, and then go to the burial ground. We therefore went directly home first.

By then many people from the surrounding area had gathered in front of our house. When we got down from the car, a coconut was broken in front of the house and camphor was waved as an offering. Then I, Shekhar (Mallika Pedananna's son), Subrahmanyam (our neighbour), Shankar Babu Pedananna, Father and several others went to Bodigadithota for the burial. Mother and Mallika Pedananna remained at home.

Mallika Pedananna borrowed ₹2,000 from our neighbour Shivaiah to pay the car fare.

At the burial ground, Uma and Sai got down from their bus and met us. Surendra Pedananna, the husband of Dhanamma, from Brahmin Street also came there. Uma telephoned Suman, Anand's friend and a chess player, and asked him to come.

A pit was dug to bury Anand's body. While the body was being placed in it, some people created a small disturbance, saying that the pit had not been dug deep enough and advising that it should be made deeper.

Following their advice, we removed Anand's body temporarily and had the pit dug deeper. Surendra Pedananna objected, saying that once a body had been placed in the grave it should not be removed again, and asked why we had done so. We did not pay attention to his words and completed the burial.

Another disturbance began while we were returning home. Father and the car driver had apparently quarrelled. It had been raining heavily when we left the burial ground; the rain began before we left and stopped when we reached home.

I knew that Father had argued with the driver, but I did not know that the quarrel was about money. After reaching home, Dhana Pedamma told us that Father had argued with the car driver about the fare and that Mallika Pedananna had given the driver ₹300. If I had known the quarrel was about money, I would have paid the amount there itself.

After returning from the burial ground and bathing, I telephoned Anand's office in Gorakhpur to inform them of his death. At first they did not understand what I was saying and told me in Hindi that Anand was on leave, then ended the call.

I called a second time, introduced myself as Anand's brother and said that Anand had died the previous day. After I told them, the entire staff became alert. They repeatedly asked when he had died, how he had died and other details, and noted everything down in Hindi.

The next day many calls came to our home from Anand's office in Gorakhpur and from his friends there.

The most important calls were from Anand's friends. They asked us:

- When did Anand die?
- How did he die?
- Why did he die?

I explained everything that had happened. We told them that we did not know why Anand had died. When he came home, he had only said that he had a slight headache. Nothing had happened at home that should have caused him distress, Mother and I explained.

Then Anand's friends in Gorakhpur told us some very important things about Anand that we had not known.

They said that Anand had been suffering for about a year from a ***mental illness called*** **schizophrenia**. During the previous year, his friends had taken him to a hospital and arranged treatment for him. They said that he was still undergoing treatment when this incident happened.

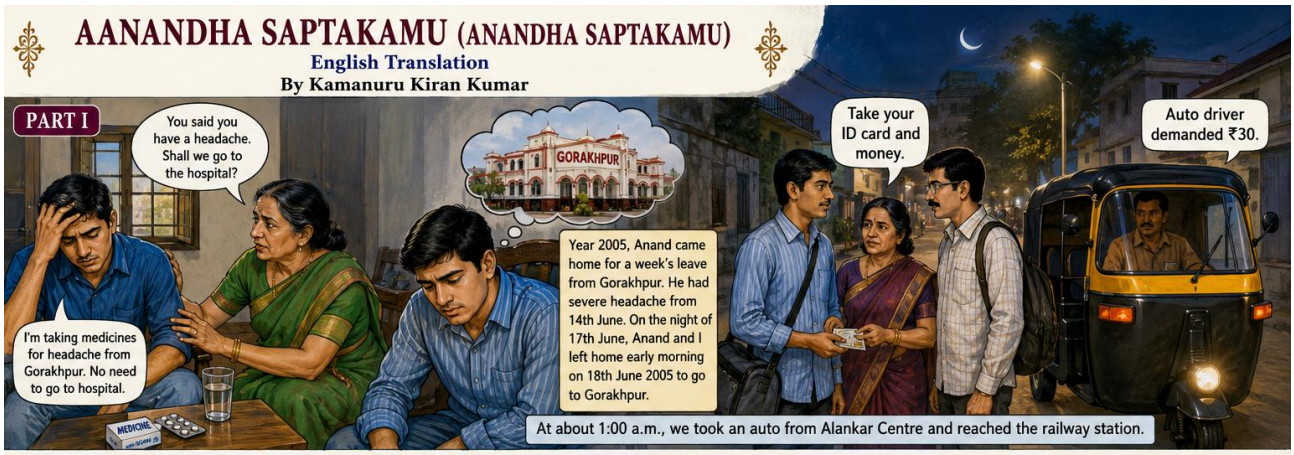
Mother asked why they had not told us about this earlier. They replied that Anand had told them not to tell anyone and had said that he himself would tell us. They were surprised that we had not known about his illness.

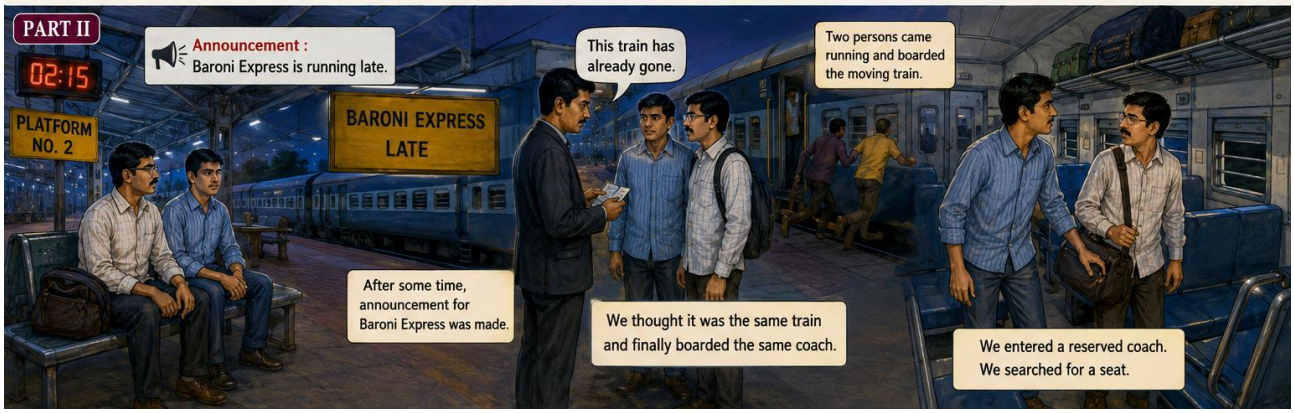
They said, ***"We thought you already knew about Anand's illness. Sorry, Amma..."*** and ended the call.

AANANDHA SAPTAKAMU (ANANDHA SAPTAKAMU)

English Translation

By Kamanuru Kiran Kumar


PART I
You said you have a headache. Shall we go to the hospital?
I'm taking medicines for headache from Gorakhpur. No need to go to hospital.
MEDICINE
GORAKHPUR
Year 2005, Anand came home for a week's leave from Gorakhpur. He had severe headache from 14th June. On the night of 17th June, Anand and I left home early morning on 18th June 2005 to go to Gorakhpur.
Take your ID card and money.
Auto driver demanded ₹30.
At about 1:00 a.m., we took an auto from Alankar Centre and reached the railway station.


PART II
02:15
PLATFORM NO. 2
Announcement : Baroni Express is running late.
BARONI EXPRESS LATE
After some time, announcement for Baroni Express was made.
This train has already gone.
We thought it was the same train and finally boarded the same coach.
Two persons came running and boarded the moving train.
We entered a reserved coach. We searched for a seat.

THE END